

A great and
BLOODY FIGHT
IN
FRANCE
BETWEEN

The Kings Army, commanded by General
Turenne, the Duke of York, and the Lord
Digby; against fifteen thousand horse & foot
under the Command of the Prince of Con-
de, the Duke of Wittenburgh, and
the Duke of Guise.

With the particulars of this memorable
and desperate Engagement; the manner how
the said Duke of York led on the Forlorn-Hope,
and gave the Onset of the Day with 2000
Horse, against Chevalier de Guise; and after
a gallant charge routed him, and beat
him up to the Main-body.

Also, the number killed and taken prisoners; the
regaining of all the Ordnance and Train of Artillery;
the retreating of the prince of Conde; and the D.
of Lorain's coming into the field with 5000
to behold this bloody Tragedy, fighting
neither for King nor Parliament.

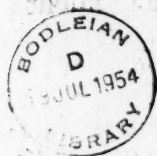
With a Letter from *Amsterdam*, comprising the Affairs and
Designs now on foot in *Holland*.

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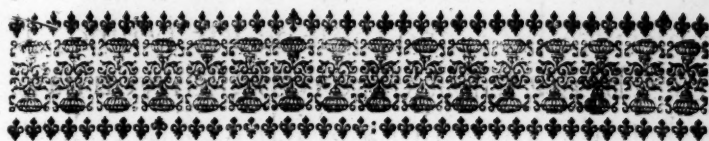
Smith newsb. d. 23/5

THOMAS

1844



1844



A
L E T T E R
FROM
HOLLAND:

Honoured Sir,

WE are still like the raging Sea, foming up mire and dirt; therefore how can there be any peace to us, when there is so little peace amongst us. Vantrumps return hath much broken our hopes, and almost our hearts: The man himself is very melancholy, and hath made many others so too. For, diver

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of the ships he brought with him are yet unserviceable; and those he left behind, if they be not lost, are like to be, sith you have taken the provisions which we sent to keep our men from starving: By this and other speaking providences, coincident here amongst us, and very cross to our projects, our Saturnine men, both at Helm, and others fear, they shal have but a bad bargain by this their quarrel with you; and desire nothing more then an expedient for peace; for we hear of great preparations against your poor Nation, by the Dutch; indeed, they threaten to surround you with ships; yet we doubt not but the Lord of Hosts will maugre and blast the designs of all those who professeth themselves Enemies to the Saints of Christ. The most high great God of Heaven stand by Us, and crown the heads of those with Victory,
who

who desires to glorifie his Name, throughout the face of the whole Earth.

We hear that the English have bang'd them handsomly, but the loss nothing neer so great as some give out; for they still maintain the Seas about the French coast, and the hazard of the day rests wholly upon the next engagement; which is suddenly expected.

This loss doth not in the least abate their insolency; but they seem to wax more imperious; indeed, we find them to be a very stout enemy, and notable disputants at Sea: They have divided their Navy into three Bodies; being resolved to fight us what ere betides them.

They have chose the young Prince of Orange General, and advanced the Standard; during whose minority, Count William of Nassaw is to carry on the Work, as
Lieu.

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Lieutenant General.. There is a great Fleet
lies ready at the Uly, bound for the Sound,
with a strong Convoy of Men of War,
who have a Commission to take, sink, and
burn all English ships that they shall meet
withall.

They have four great Navies at sea, and
the Duke of Vendosm, after the relief of
Dunkirk, is expected with the French fleet,
consisting of 40 lusty ships.

There is a general Rising throughout
the Netherlands; but our Glory fades;
Merchants have little to do among us,
than to tell newes, which for the most part
are but sad stories of their own misfortunes;
no Goods are entred, nor much sent out;
Dewitte is made Comander in chief instead
of Vantrump, and the States have declared
never to lay down Arms, till they have sub-
jected England; this high and mighty vote,
tis

'tis probable, will soon bring them to a very low and despicable condition.

Amsterdam, Sep. 9. stilo novo.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

EVen upon the close hereof, I received a Packet from France, wherein was inclosed the ensuing Abstract, to wit, That his Majesty of France having received advertisements of the Prince of Conde's design to fight his Army about Villeneuve, Saint George, immediatly he expedited thither with the rest of his forces that lay at Campeign; but before he could re-inforce them, the enemy had engaged them; and Conde with 5000 horse and foot attempted a pass neer Villeneuve, where he was received by the Lord Digby, who irresistably gave him a great repulse: during which time, the D. of Wittenburg, and the D. of Guise, with 10000 Spaniards, gave battel to Gen. Turene, and the titular D. of York; to whose command, his Excellency committed the charge of 2000 horse, for giving the Onset; which was performed with an undanted courage, dexterity and resolution, against the enemies Forlorn, commanded by de Guise; for even upon the first charge

The

the Kings party forced their way, and put them to a disorderly retreat, pursuing them to the main body; which Turenne perceiving, gave orders for the whole Army to fall on, and he himself advanced with a Brigade of horse, as a Reserve to young James; so that there was a general engagement on all sides, except the D. of Lorain, who with 5000 stood as spectators to behold this bloody Tragedy, and would not engage against the King, notwithstanding he had promised to the contrary: The playing of this game proved favourable, though not an entire Victory; for the Prince of Conde perceiving Lorrains treachery, with much hazard and difficulty, disputed the field till the sable Curtains of the Night approach'd, throwing him from the fury of his enemy, and by that means, drew off, and dispatched a Post to Orleans, who is now hastening to the Camp, to engage his brother-in-law Lorain to fight, the consequence whereof is expected. However, the Kings forces keep the field; and are resolved to fight them upon any terms. There are said to be slain of the Spaniards about 1500; prisoners taken 900, 7 pieces of Cannon, 30 Colours, but not without great loss; and far greater had it been, had not the Duke of York exposed himself to the hazard of the Day, by fighting either to Death or Victory; for re-taking of the Train of Artillery, and vanquishing 3000 of the Enemy.

FINIS.

